



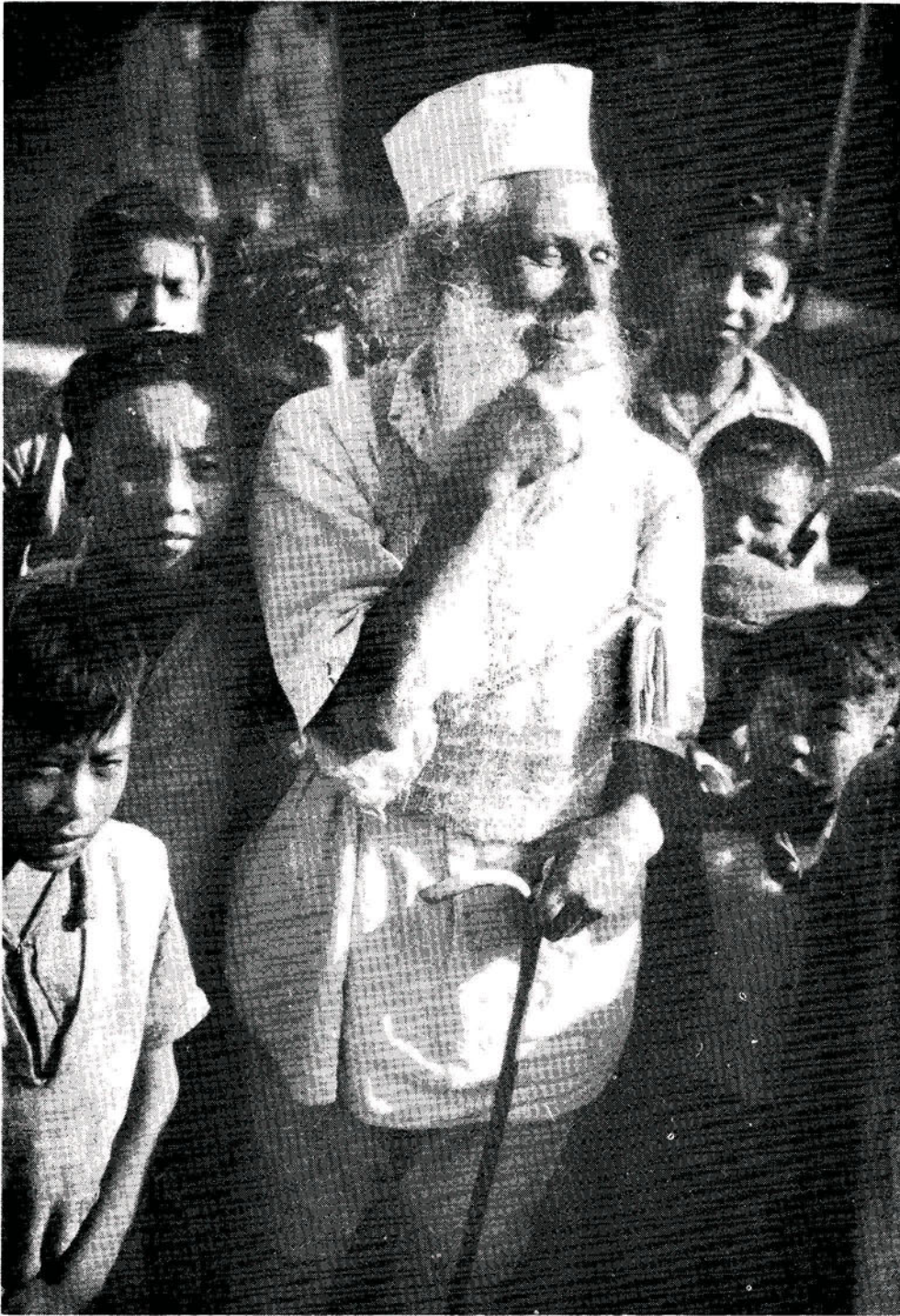
# *Ex-CBI Roundup*

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

FEBRUARY  
1968







INDIAN WISE MAN seems to have an eager following of youngsters, but it is a question whether they are interested in his advice or in having their picture taken. Photo by J. L. Rosenfeld.



# EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA



Vol. 23, No. 2

February, 1968

EX-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer

Editor

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## Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **Pity the poor** Nizam of Hyderabad, who last year succeeded his grandfather, once reputed to be the world's richest man! City authorities of Hyderabad have threatened to seize and auction off his properties. Contending he owes \$600,000 in taxes, the city finance committee recently called for an evaluation of the nizam's holdings. See the article about him elsewhere in this issue.

● **Cover picture** shows a British soldier with a bulldozer hauling a tank of water off a field in Burma after it was dropped from a P-51. Like all other equipment used by the 1st Air Commando Force during the invasion of Burma, the bulldozer was airborne. US Air Force photo.

● **We're hoping** we never again get behind in the schedule of publication of Ex-CBI Roundup! Before the last issue was out, one person in our office was kept busy answering the inquiries that were rolling in from subscribers wondering why their issues hadn't arrived.

● **Centrally located** for CBIers in all parts of the United States, Des Moines is expected to draw record attendance for the 1968 CBI reunion. Mark the dates on your calendar, plan your vacation for that time, and bring the entire family to Des Moines for several days of real enjoyment. You'll enjoy it thoroughly.

● **Don't forget** to notify us before you change your address; otherwise you may miss one or more issues.

FEBRUARY, 1968

## Anna Marie May

● Reporting the death of 1st Lieutenant Anna Marie (Suchma) May on January 14, 1968, of cancer, in Phoenix, Ariz. She was surgery supervisor with the 73rd Evacuation Hospital, serving in Ledo, Assam, India, and Shingbwiyang, Burma, from March 1943 through 1945.

MRS. CHARLES FARRELL,  
Riverside, Mich.

## Hand-Built Highway

● Please keep Ex-CBI Roundup coming: I enjoy every issue. I especially enjoyed the article, "The Hand-Built Highway," in the October issue since I knew that stretch of road from Kunming across the border into Burma as well as the roads back home. LUDWIG S. BAUMGARTEN, APO New York 09757



WOMAN coolie at Darjeeling, India, carries heavy trunk on her back. Photo by Stan Paszkewicz.





HILL PEOPLE near Darjeeling, India, squat among their possessions. Photo by J. L. Rosenfeld.

**R. A. Robertson**

● Lt. Col. Russel A. Robertson, U.S. Army (ret.), a retired civil designing engineer with the city water department of Philadelphia, Pa., died February 22 at the age of 67. His death occurred in Florida where he had been spending the winter. Colonel Robertson, who retired in 1959 after 35 years with the water department, served as ordnance officer in Burma and China during World War II. His wife, his mother and a sister survive.  
(From a Philadelphia Evening Bulletin clipping submitted by Robert D. Thomas of Philadelphia.)

**Richard H. Wise**

● Richard Hungerford Wise, 60, a retired air Force colonel, died February 15 in Princeton Hospital, Princeton, N. J. A graduate of the Military Academy at West Point in 1931, he served in the CBI Theater during World War II and was commanding officer of the 12th Air Service Group. After the war he helped organize and operate air transport service for the

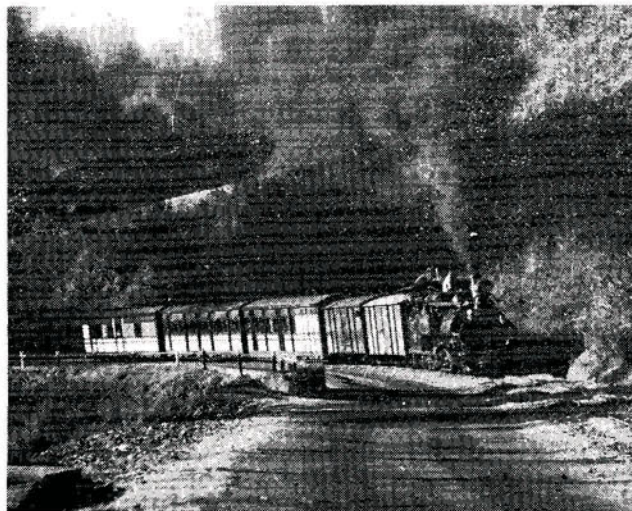
a son, a daughter and two brothers.

(From an item in the Philadelphia Inquirer, sent in by Robert D. Thomas of Philadelphia.)

**Chinese New Year**

● The spontaneous applause of 350,000 persons lining the parade route as the Gen. George W. "liney Basha" color guard passed by certainly made every step of the mile worth while. When it was over each guard member knew in his heart that the vast majority of the crowd respect the flag and appreciate those who have served this country so well in time gone by. As one of the few non-Chinese units invited to participate in the 83-unit parade, the basha color guard was halted at the reviewing stand while the announcer told the crowd of the historical background of the United States and Chinese Nationalist flags carried by the guard. Chairman of the parade committee was once again an old CBI hand, John Young.

PAY KIRKPATRICK,  
San Francisco, Calif.



CHUGGING around a curve on the way up the mountain, the train to Darjeeling, India is shown in this 1944 picture by J. L. Rosenfeld.





BARRACKS bashes and tents of the 327th Harbor Craft Co. at Camp Togo, on the Barrackpore Trunk Road near Calcutta. Photo by Howard B. Gorman.

### Empress of Scotland

● Went to CBI, along with 4,999 others, on the "Empress of Scotland," and recently read in the Detroit Free Press that this ship was re-named the "Hanseatic" and now belongs to the West German Hamburg-American Line. In 1944 this was a British ship with a British crew. The crew black-marketed oranges and Hershey bars for \$1 apiece. Fresh water showers cost \$5, one can-teen of fresh water per day was free. If I was a writer I could write a book pertaining to this trip.

PERRY SCHWARTZ,  
Southfield, Mich.

### Seeks Marsmen

● Hope to get to convention in Iowa this summer and see some ex-Marsmen (was in Troop G, 124 Cavalry). Keep up the good work, in the good book!

H. F. CLAUSEN,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

### 502nd M.P. Bn.

● A reunion of C Company of the 502nd M.P. Battalion will be held Sept. 7, 1968, at the Holiday Motor Inn, east at Exit 19 of the Pennsylvania Turnpike, at Harrisburg, Pa. Would like to hear from the following: Kovach, Purch, Pena, Chadwick, Gaughan, Hamilton, Arbogast. Telephone 609-546-5871 or contact the undersigned.

W. H. ADAM,  
39 Wyoming Avenue  
Audubon, N.J. 08106

millionaire; forget the coffee when it's cold; forget the knock, forget the scold; forget to even pay attention—but don't forget this year's convention! See you in Des Moines!

RAY JUENGER,  
Belleville, Ill.

### Serving in Vietnam

● Have learned that Harry Howton, former C.O. at Dum Dum Air Base (about 1945), has been serving in Vietnam. Frank E. Ruhl, also a former Dum Dum walla, has a son serving in Vietnam. Frank, by the way, is from Detroit, Mich.

WILLIAM A. CROSS,  
Houston, Tex.

### Des Moines in '68

● Come to YOUR convention: Forget the slander you have heard; forget the trials you have had; forget the weather if it's bad; forget the gray lines in your hair; forget you're not a



MILITARY POLICE of three nations, on duty at Camp Ramgarh in India. Bill Adam, then a member of the 502nd MP Battalion on detached service at Ramgarh, is shown with Chinese and Indian military police.



# Genesis of the 14th Air Force

*Ceremonies were held late last year at Gunter Air Force Base, Montgomery, Ala., at which a P-40 monument was dedicated as a Flying Tigers Memorial. Principal speaker was General Bruce K. Holloway, Vice Chief of Staff, USAF, a World War II member of the 14th Air Force. Complete text of his address has been released to EX-CBI Roundup by the Department of the Air Force.*

## BY GEN. BRUCE K. HOLLOWAY

Mix together in a large rice bowl one of the greatest air tacticians this country has produced; a handful of ex-Air Corps, Navy and Marine pilots; a combat veteran of the Spanish Revolution; some airline pilots, tired of flying straight and level; several old China hands; a missionary or two; a noted political columnist and other assorted individualists. Sprinkle liberally with Texans—and you're pretty likely to get a colorful and volatile combination. That's exactly what happened in 1941 when the American Volunteer Group, or AVG—better known as the Flying Tigers—was formed by General Chennault. Predictably, the result was both vividly colorful and highly volatile—as a lot of Japanese were soon to find out.

In six months of combat, the AVG shot down 297 Japanese aircraft at a cost of only 12 American pilots. General Chennault's Flying Tigers ran up their amaz-

ing score while flying obsolescent fighter planes in the face of overwhelming numerical odds and against some well-seasoned Japanese pilots.

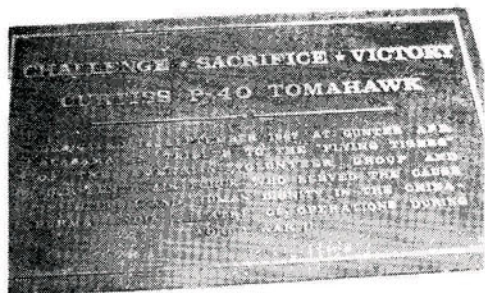
This remarkable band of men was the forerunner of the 14th Air Force. The story of the air war in China fought by the Flying Tigers of the AVG and their successors, the Flying Tigers of the 14th Air Force, is one of the most dramatic chapters of our history. I'm sure all of you know something of that saga, but you may not know about the chain of events that led up to the 14th's soldier-of-fortune beginning.

The negotiations that paved the way for creation of the Flying Tigers date back to 1940 when the United States agreed to make available 100 P-40B's, originally programmed for Sweden, and 350 operating and support personnel for the purpose of bolstering the Chinese against the Japanese onslaught.

The principals involved in these negotiations were Secretary of State Cordell Hull; T. V. Soong, the Foreign Minister of China; William Pawley, who organized and operated a Chinese-American company, Central Aircraft Manufacturing Company (commonly known as CAMCO), which was the main supporting organization of the AVG; and General Chennault, who was to be the military leader of the outfit. Pawley and Chennault were the principal recruiters. They literally "oured the world, recruiting largely from the U. S. Air Corps and Navy, as it turned out, about an equal number from each.

In May 1940, Mr. Pawley was in Hawaii where he was particularly successful in signing up a number of Air Corps reserve officers. One afternoon on the beach he held a session which I attended. I was convinced that to sign up right there was the thing to do. This didn't work, because General Frank, the Third Air Force Commander in Hawaii, made it quite clear that regular officers were not eligible. Mr. Pawley and General Chennault wisely decided that they could carry on without me, so the pilots and ground personnel whom they had recruited sailed from San Francisco in July, 1941. As it turned out, I did join the AVG in 1942 as an observer, and was able to fly combat missions with them and get to know their people and problems.

AVG training in the P-40 and the peculiarities of aerial combat in China actually began during the fall of 1941 in



PLAQUE on monument at Gunter is headed "Challenge-Sacrifice-Victory, P-40 Tomahawk." The inscription reads: "Dedicated in September 1967 at Gunter AFB, Alabama, in tribute to the 'Flying Tigers' of the American Volunteer Group and Fourteenth Air Force who served the cause of freedom and human dignity in the China-Burma-India Theatre of Operations during World War II." Photo by Frank Swanson.

## Genesis of the 14th Air Force

Burma at Rangoon, Mandalay and Mawmyo—places that proved to be less romantic than Kipling made them seem. CAMCO, the maintenance and supply organization, set up housekeeping in Burma at Toungoo, later moved to Lashio, and still later to Kunming, China. The three operating squadrons were first located at Kunming, Peishiyi, and Kweilin in China and the AVG flew its first combat mission on December 20, 1941. The group operated continuously from that date until July 4, 1942, when it was dissolved and the U. S. Army Air Forces 23d Fighter Group formed from its resources.

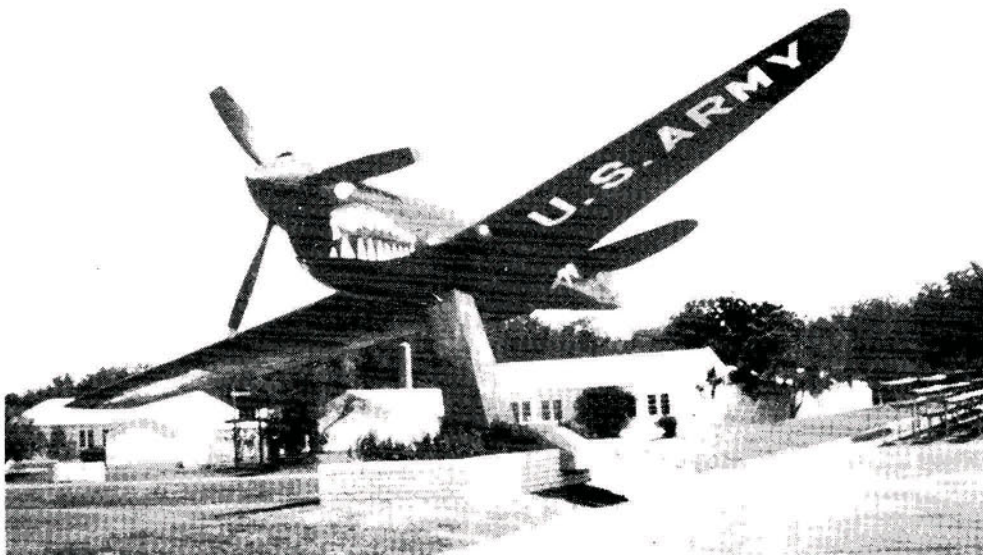
Perhaps not since the days of the Barbary pirates has there been a more heterogeneous and swashbuckling group than the AVG. Some of this color disappeared as time went on, but by and large, there was a great deal of individualism and room for initiative and development of air leadership in the modus operandi which we observed right up to the end of the war in China.

Quite a few AVG people became famous. General Chennault perhaps heads the list, and since you all know about him, I will merely say that like most big people, he had a few faults, but in the realm of tactical genius, he was without a peer. Columnist Joe Alsop, who

somehow escaped from Hong Kong after the Japs moved in, joined the AVG and served variously as political advisor, mess officer, information officer, and general aide to the Old Man. Jim Howard later earned the Medal of Honor in Europe for taking on single-handed about 20 ME-109's. Another Medal of Honor winner was Pappy Boyington, a colorful character if there ever was one.

One of the most amazing success stories of those who served in the AVG and the 14th Air Force is that of Gerhard Neumann, who escaped from the Nazis in 1939, went to Hong Kong, and later joined the AVG. He stayed on with the Army Air Forces, was made a Master Sergeant, and was line chief of the 76th Fighter Squadron when I first knew him. Without much doubt, he was the best squadron line chief that I have ever known. He is now Vice President and General Manager of General Electric's Flight Propulsion Division, and among other honors, was awarded the Collier Trophy in 1958 for his efforts in designing the J79 engine.

Another colorful character was Brigadier General Casey Vincent, who was the youngest United States General since Custer. Milton Caniff used him as the model for the comic strip character, Vince Casey. And there were others who were



AS A MEMORIAL to the Flying Tigers of World War II, this P-40 monument was dedicated late last year at Gunter Air Force Base, Montgomery, Ala., now the home of the 14th Air Force. Photo by Frank Swanson.



## Genesis of the 14th Air Force.

distinctive in still other ways—men like Ajax Baumler who had been an ace in Spain and John Alison, who later became an Assistant Secretary of Commerce and is now Vice President of Northrop. All were different; all pulled together; all understood operating discipline, and the manner of doing things in the Chennault way. There has perhaps never been another outfit like it.

When the 23d Fighter Group replaced the AVG, less than half of the original Flying Tigers signed up to stay on, although some would have come back later after being inducted into military service if they had been allowed home leave first. The material resources of the AVG were taken over by the 23d. Today there are to my knowledge only three of the original AVG members still on active duty in the Armed Forces—Major General Charles Bond, Colonel Gail Stubbs, and my aide, Major Henry D. Chiu (who was then a Chinese citizen).

The 23d Fighter Group remained as the real backbone of the 14th Air Force until it was deactivated in 1945, after the war with Japan had ended. In addition to the 23d Group, other fighter and bomber units were added to make up the ultimate combat forces of 14th Air Force, but it never was much larger than some of the augmented wings that operated in Europe. Its record is all the more remarkable for that fact.

If there is one word that describes the nature of operations and support in the 14th Air Force, it is austerity. The 14th received what was left after all priority efforts in Europe and the Southwest Pacific were satisfied. The B-24's and B-25's were first-line bombers, but even they were for the most part early models, lacking much of the equipment that was to be found in the higher priority theaters. It was late 1943 before some early model P-51's reached China, and 1944 before anything which could be called a first-line fighter arrived.

I don't want to run down the good old P-40, however. A lot of us are alive today because of its ruggedness and diving speed—two characteristics in which it excelled enemy fighters. Almost always we were heavily outnumbered by the Japanese and inevitably took some hits. Sometimes our P-40's came back from a combat mission so full of holes you almost had to put them against a dark background to see them—but still flying.

Johnny Alison's last mission with the 23d Fighter Group is a good illustration of the P-40's durability. He was climbing into a gaggle of Zeros that were after our B-24's, and had to pull up so steeply after one of them that he spun out. As he stalled, several of the Zeros hit him at

once. They filled him full of holes, but he got his P-40 under control and dived away. Until he picked up speed, they kept working on him. Finally, the Zeros' fire blew his whole rudder off, and he went into a terrible skid, which slowed him way down. He tried to duck into a cloud, but one Zero was still on his tail. Fortunately, one of our Chinese pilots arrived in the nick of time and shot down the Zero.

Alison managed to keep his airplane under control even though it had no rudder and looked like a sieve. He flew it back to Liangshan where he made a good landing, but since both tires had been shot flat in the flight, and the field was soft, he nosed over. Johnny didn't get a scratch out of all this.

The reason for 14th Air Force austerity that I mentioned a moment ago was not just low priorities on equipment. We operated at the end of the longest and most difficult supply line of World War II. On an average it took from four to six months for a shipment from the ZI to reach Kunming. Everything was 100% dependent on aircraft over the Hump and transportation priorities frequently went to support for the Chinese ground forces. At times even ox carts had priority over gasoline and ammunition for the small 14th Air Force.

Not many people appreciate the extremes of the slim diet on which we operated. For a period of two to three months, the 75th Fighter Squadron at Ling Ling had nothing but five gallon cans with which to refuel the airplanes, no cars or trucks, not even a typewriter. Ammunition boxes were carried on the backs of coolies. There was just one radio, and it could reach Kunming, about 600 miles away, only between the hours of 5:00 and 6:30 in the evening. There was a certain advantage to this. Reports were written as briefly as possible in longhand, and I would wait until near the end of the transmission period to send my plan of action back to General Chennault at Kunming. The only way he could change it would be to send someone over by plane, since all communications stopped after dark. But in spite of these deficiencies, the outfit worked well because our mission was clear, our tactics sound, and our people a pretty gung-ho lot.

Although the 14th never reached a strength of more than about 500 fighters and 190 bombers, its area of operations was as large as Western Europe, extending in an arc from Hankow in the north to Canton and Hong Kong in the south. The area included the Haroi-Haiphong complex in Vietnam, and Japanese forces as far north as Lashio and Myitkyina in



northern Burma. Our mission was a simple one: to protect the aerial supply line to China, commonly known as the Hump Run, and to use whatever additional resources we had to hit the Japs with strikes against shipping, airfields, supply dumps, harvesting operations and enemy ground forces, all on a random and surprise pattern. It was so upsetting and successful that General Takahashi, Chief of Staff, Japanese Armies in North China said: "But for the 14th Air Force, we could have gone anywhere we wished in China."

This statement brings up a rather interesting mystery with respect to the strategy of the Japanese themselves. It must surely have been known to them that at Kunming, the eastern terminus of the Hump Run, there was rarely more than three or four days supply of fuel and ammunition for the Air Force units which protected the terminus area. If the Japanese had been willing to expand enough effort for a few days running, the defenses would have folded and Kunming could probably have been taken by a relatively modest airborne force. This would have been the end of our air operations in China. In my first few months in the theater, I used to wonder when this was going to happen, but it never did. Most of the action took place farther to the east and only about once every two or three months after the AVG was well in business did the Japanese hit Kunming. Throughout 1942 and 1943, when they did attack Kunming, their losses were staggering and they would wait for a considerable period before another try.

A big reason for the successes of the 23d Fighter Group, and for that matter, the 14th Air Force in general, was the Chinese warning net that alerted us to the approach of enemy aircraft. The warning system was incredibly archaic, consisting of ground observers equipped with sundials for telling time, and old French telephones for transmitting information. Most of the reports were based on the sound of aircraft overhead rather than on visual plots. The reports sometimes contained a lot of modulation based on Oriental "face" of one form or another. In spite of all these shortcomings, it worked, and we rarely were surprised. The warning net also would pick up our own aircraft when they were lost, and give them steers back to base. This was very important since the 14th Air Force operating environment was one of persistently bad weather, with little or no radio aids, and with cultural features for navigation limited principally to rivers and a few railroads.

I think perhaps we developed the first bad-weather landing system in China, and probably the only one in which the ground equipment was a human ear rather than electronic gadgets. At Kunming we had a let-down pattern worked out very similar to those used by jet aircraft today. The real trick was establishing the initial point and heading. This was done by a radio operator on the ground listening for the engine noise and providing verbal steers until we were on an approximately correct heading. From there on we simply flew a teardrop pattern as we let down to land. While I was there, nobody ran into the ground.

Despite all the handicaps I've talked about: bad weather, obsolescent equipment, inadequate supplies, numerical inferiority to the enemy and an area as big as Western Europe to be covered by an Air Force not much bigger than a composite wing—despite all these handicaps, the 14th Air Force did a pretty good job.

I suppose the most easily understood index of success is the work of the fighters in air-to-air combat. According to Aerospace Studies Institute, the 23d Fighter Group marked up 941 aerial victories. This air-to-air score is slightly below the record of the 4th and 56th Fighter Groups of the 8th Air Force in Europe; however, with the 297 victories credited to the AVG, the overall total for the 23d is 1,238 enemy aircraft shot down.

In three years of operations, the entire 14th Air Force—fighters, medium and heavy bombers—destroyed 2,300 enemy aircraft and probably destroyed another 775 at a cost of 500 of our own aircraft lost from all causes. The statistics vary somewhat with their source, but taking a reasonable average, the 14th sank and damaged more than two million tons of merchant shipping, 77 naval vessels and several thousand river boats. Our fighters and bombers killed an estimated 60,000 enemy troops. Together with the Chinese Army, we kept nearly one million Japanese troops pinned down on the mainland, and without a doubt prevented the defeat of China—an event which would have had very serious consequences for the Allied campaign in the Pacific.

The record of the 14th Air Force was set by a group of unusual people who were always short on the tools of war but always long on imagination, endurance, persistence, and guts. The greatest tribute we can pay them is to preserve the Air Force traditions of courage, ingenuity and dedication to which they contributed so much. I think those traditions and the reputation of the 14th Air Force are in good hands with the Air Force Flying Tigers of today. □



# The Royal Mess That Grandpa Left

BY WARREN UNNA  
Los Angeles Times-  
Washington Post News Service

Grandpa once really may have been "the richest man in the world," but the auditors for his heir and grandson think that when all the bills are paid the new nizam of Hyderabad may end up with nothing much more than five fairly use-less palaces. And four of them are tax-able.

"Grandfather left things to extremely bad administrators," declared Mir Barkat Ali Khan, Mukkaram Jah Bahadur, eighth Nizam of Hyderabad. "I tried to make suggestions to his advisers during his lifetime but, unfortunately, I wasn't given a hand.

Far less forbidding than his title as the only "exalted highness" in India, this handsome, 33-year-old, 20th century Indian prince wears no jewels—not even a ring or watch, spends two hours a day behind tractor and sledge hammer working away at his new house and apologizes for the quality of the forthcoming lunch because: "It's the cook's day off."

Barkat, as his friends call him, succeeded his 81-year-old grandfather just six months ago and found things in such a mess that he already is involved in five lawsuits. But that's not all. Things are so tough in Hyderabad that he had to send his wife out of the country for her own safety.

Not long ago, Barkat made his first attempt at assuming what he terms "the traditional role of the nizam as premier ruler" of the old Indian princely states. He warned Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's plebian government there would be "a crisis in confidence" if it carried out her Congress Party's threat to amend the Indian constitution, ignore the old treaties with the princes and abolish the annual privy purses which the young Indian government had granted in exchange for the princes surrendering their sovereign rights.

The old nizam started out with the biggest privy purse of all—ten million rupees a year, which today would be worth \$11.3 million. He later gave up one fourth of it. The present nizam has been granted far less—the equivalent of \$266,000 a year. And he is countering the government's present threat to abolish by asking for an increase.

Barkat, whom the Hyderabadans were to call "a king without a kingdom" is

the grandson of two deposed monarchs, the last ruling nizam of British India's mightiest state of Hyderabad and the last reigning caliph of the pre-world War I Turkish empire.

Interviewing him in his extremely modest home of the last few years, Barkat Villa, former guest bungalow for his grandfather's lesser visitors, you don't catch the fearsome awe associated with the late nizam.

True, the servants still bend slightly as they flutter their hands in front of their mouths in order to prevent their impure breath from defiling the air. But, instead of the punkha which retainers used to waft overhead to bring breeze and discourage flies, the new nizam does his own breeze-making with his white pocket handkerchief.

Barkat says he never spoke to his grandfather directly, only through an interlocutor. "It was a tradition in the Moghul courts for preventing a visitor from getting in an argument, which of course, he would always lose."

The new nizam can look back on this with a smile just as he recites the family history.

"My family was imported in 1650 from Samarkand by the Moghul emperors who thought they needed new blood to help them conquer South India.

"When the Moghul empire finally fell apart in 1724, we declared our independence. The women of our family had received jewels from the Moghuls as wedding presents. And the rest accumulated when what was left of the wealth of the Moghul empire came to Hyderabad," the nizam explained.

But the greatest gem in the collection, the "Jacob" diamond, second in value only to the "Kohinoor" in Queen Elizabeth's crown, was a later addition. "My great grandfather bought it from a European jeweler and it is named after that jeweler," the nizam said.

Actually, the purchaser, nizam the sixth, thought his purchase brought bad luck and so used the great diamond as a paperweight. It is now locked up in a Bombay bank vault along with the black pearls which only the Czar of Russia could duplicate, the armlets, the jeweled turbans and all the other major elements of the nizam's collection.

Barkat has been in a rush since last February when his mother phoned him in London to hurry back as his grandfather was very sick.



The new nizam seemed to relish retelling the events that followed.

"I rushed into the old nizam's favorite palace to find people all over the place and grandfather's loose jewels and other things just lying around as usual in open boxes. I was advised to remain on the premises. But I didn't want to stay inside and so had a large Oriental tent pitched in the garden outside with my food brought in from home and my own friends as guards," Barkat explained.

"The police warned me that grandfather had the keys to some safes on his body and that I had better take them or they wouldn't be there by morning. I thought that wouldn't be a very good idea because if grandfather got well he wouldn't be very happy about it," Barkat continued. So I asked the police to think of something else and he came up with the idea of drafting a document saying he was temporarily removing the keys because of the condition of the patient and entrusting them to my safe keeping as heir apparent.

"My next problem was how to prevent things from disappearing.

The new nizam also is confronted with the "khanazads," a group of some 300 men endowed with a \$1½ million trust fund and, in addition, provided with free food, water, electricity and two servants for each child produced.

"Some of them now have 14 servants for seven children and none of them will do any work," declared Zahir Ahmed, a trusted family friend whom the new nizam has drafted as his chief secretary to straighten out affairs.

So far, the "straightening out" has revealed that while the old nizam may have been the richest man in the world—and perhaps its greatest miser—prior to about 1948, he did a complete turnabout during the final 19 years of his life, literally throwing away about \$2 million a year.

A photographer's bill just came in for the equivalent of almost \$25,000. The khanazads presented a taxi bill for \$6,000 for following the nizam to some ceremony. Running the nizam's kitchen required 340 employees plus their maids, at a cost of \$413,000 a year—for a nizam who swallowed little more than cranberry juice and opium pills. The food, of course, always found its way to the Hyderabad bazaar for resale, even in cooked state.

"I found that 4,000 of the 14,000 on grandfather's support list did not really exist. I've now got the list down to around 1,500 or 2,000," the new nizam said. "I found a few lieutenants in grandfather's 3,000-man Arab bodyguard collecting pay

for 200 men each which they pocketed for themselves. I've now got the bodyguard down to 300.

"The garage supposedly had 57 or 58 cars for which grandfather constantly was buying spare parts and petrol (for the equivalent of more than \$90,000). We found only four of the cars in running condition."

The palace electricity bill ran to more than \$33,000 a year for night lights which nobody bothered to turn off. It took no less than 28 people and 40 litres of petrol a day to bring drinking water to the nizam and his immediate family from a traditional well outside the city which long ago became obsolete when Hyderabad city developed its own water system.

The old nizam, incidentally, had 32 wives.

"Grandfather was a fanatic for trusts," the new nizam said. He set up 52 of them: a "marble trust" for grave slabs; "poetry trust" to get his rhymes published; "charitable trust" of \$4.6 million for scholarships; a "jewel trust" whose four trustees include an appointee of the government of India—the nizam's answer to recent gossip that he has been spiriting the crown jewels out of the country; and, of course, the "main trust" \$44 million worth of gold and silver bars out of his palaces.

"Some members of my family are getting 7½ lakhs of rupees a year." (The equivalent of \$100,000.) Barkat's father, the prince of Berar, who was passed over when the old nizam decided to name his grandson as heir, reportedly was given \$2.6 million to pay off his creditors some years back—and already has contracted a new list of debts totaling some \$560,000.

The loose jewelry which the old nizam left lying about his rooms fails to impress grandson Barkat. "It's mainly old-fashioned stuff, heirlooms, the sort nobody can get rid of," he said.

There's lots of talk around Hyderabad city these days about the new nizam being about to convert palaces into tourist hotels and establish industries to sop up the idleness of his dependents.

"Before he became nizam, he and I used to discuss projects," declared Chief Secretary Zahir Ahmed. "That was before, when we were talking, but when we didn't know the assets and the liabilities. There's an 85 percent death duty on all but five of these trusts. And a prince is allowed only one palace tax-free, which leaves four others subject to taxes.

"I tell him I don't envy him," Ahmed declared. "He may be left with nothing but these buildings." □



# What to Tell Junior About the War

*The stories of CBI, spun by the men who ought to know (because they were there), are sometimes out of this world. As one CBier said, "No one would believe me if I told the truth, so why should I?" The following article, which appeared March 30, 1944, in the original CBI Roundup, deals with the subject of what to tell Junior after the war.*

"Pop, what did you do to win the war?"

This question, which will inevitably be asked by curious little Junior, appears to the Roundup to pose a tricky post-war problem overlooked by the majority of serious thinkers.

Shall the old man, a veteran of CBI-land, let down the tyke and bring him up to shame in the eyes of his playmates by admitting the plain, unvarnished truth: "Shucks, son, I was third assistant cook at a Godforsaken base in Central India."

Or shall he make Junior's eyes bug out with pride by spinning fanciful tales of hobnobbing with Maharajas, riding elephants bareback into battle, shooting fierce tigers and communing with priests in Buddhist temples?

This particular problem was brought to the Roundup's attention today after reading a Hair-breath Harry interview given a credulous Cleveland fishrapper by a M/Sgt. Bernard C. Gleeson, just arrived in Shangri-La after 22 months in this Theater.

When and if the sergeant dangles a youngster on his knee, Junior will receive a Homeric picture of his old man having been a cross twixt Gen. Doug MacArthur and Dr. Henry M. Stanley. If the rest of us should decide to adopt Gleeson's policy, his interview serves as an admirable guide for what to tell Junior.

"It is nothing," admitted Gleeson modestly, "to pick up four or five Jap spies on the field. They come from everywhere, and life is so cheap Indians will do spying or killing for a little money. It is not unusual in the morning to find a soldier who has left the barracks to walk a short distance to another during the night stabbed to death."

Why sergeant!!

"It is nothing," he blithely continued, "for a soldier to walk out of his tent in Assam and find a tiger less than 20 feet away." Other juicy quotes: "For recreation, we walked into the jungle five minutes away to hunt." . . . "We had a swimming hole that was a beauty. The croco-

diles weren't bad—we shot one only 30 feet away." . . . "The temperature hit 140 and, when flying, we used gloves to operate the dials on the instrument panel they became so hot." . . . "We got home with nothing more than 100 bullet holes in our plane (an ATC transport)." . . . "One Naga headhunter said he had about 65 heads from the last year." . . . "Bombings made cobras and tigers appear just as an ordinary nuisance not to be bothered with."

It seems to us as if the sergeant brought a case of Fighter Brand whiskey home with him and tucked himself away with a bottle before the interview. But if the American press is prepared to accept these wild tales, it may be a swellelegant idea to do our part. After all it makes priceless reading and if it suggests to the body politic that Sgt. York was only a tin soldier who should we be to complain? A CBI patch would certainly be worth a slug of free drinks at any bar. If everyone cooperated.

Pardon us while we change type-writers. A Jap Zero just fired a burst through the window and shot up the keyboard. Copy boy, will you please brush that cobra off the fan? When you get around to it. Lt. McClaughry, shoot those three Jap spies who broke into the office last night. Sgt. Derr, have you fed our pet leopard? And Cpl. Heenan, tell that maharajah it's against Army regulations to accept that trunkful of star sapphires for running his picture this week. —

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# Temple Hideouts Dwindling for Chinese

## San Francisco Progress

For some time now, negotiations have been going on to sell the colorful Kong Chow Temple on Pine Street in San Francisco, the first Chinese josshouse built in America.

When the Kong Chow goes—to make room for yet another office skyscraper—it means that Chinatown debtors are rapidly running out of hiding places.

Because to the Chinese, especially in the old days before charge accounts and central credit bureaus, his temple was the place to go when your bills were plentiful and your wallet empty.

And since it is good Chinese tradition that all debts must be paid before midnight on New Year's eve, the temples used to be quite crowded that time of the year.

These days, hiding out from one's creditors is just about the worst sin a man can commit. But not in the old days. Seeking refuge in your temple was one way to save face—and some of your goodwill:

It was said in Chinatown that a temporary leave of absence by the end of the year explained a lot. It was kind of an unspoken message to your creditor that you would like to pay up but that an urgent business trip prevented you from doing so this very moment.

Yes, the best place to go was your favorite temple where no creditor would dare

remind you of his bills.

And while you were there anyhow, it was a good time to ask your favorite gods what the new year would bring.

To please the gods (and that's still done today) you kneel in front of the altar to pay your respects before saying a few prayers for what you want most, say give your mother-in-law the wisdom of finding a place of her own. A lot of people also have been overheard to pray for good luck in gambling.

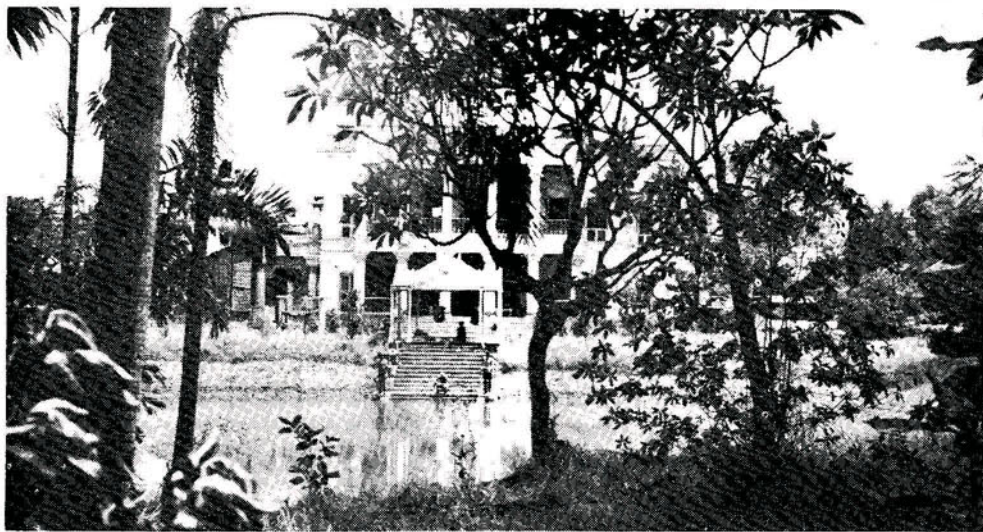
Having said your prayers, you buy some incense sticks from the caretaker and you light and place those sticks in the huge brass containers flanking the gods.

Of course, this year you make sure not to forget to pay tribute to the statue of Sun Hou Tzu, the monkey who became a god to remind you that a monkey can be smarter than man.

Your last incense stick, of course, is saved to be stuck in the container standing on the temple's balcony. Watch the smoke of the incense going up, for it's Chinese belief that when the smoke reaches heaven all your wishes will come true.

All that may soon come to an end when the ancestral shrine of all Chinese in America comes tumbling down for the sake of progress.

When that happens, no more will there be a place where a hard-pressed man can go see his favorite monkey and feel his equal. □



ADMINISTRATION building of the 327th Harbor Craft Company at Camp Togo, near Calcutta. This compound was owned by a prosperous Hindu family, and was leased by the U.S. Army. Photo by Howard B. Gorman.



# Over The Khyber By--Bus

By CONRAD FINK  
The Associated Press

KABUL, Afghanistan — Come along through the romantic Khyber Pass. Retrace the historic steps of Alexander The Great, Aryan armies, Persian warriors and the Hun Hordes.

The cost is just 20 rupees (\$4) and 11 bottom-numbing hours in a jolting, bouncing bus.

For although those earlier adventurers walked and fought their way through the Khyber, we can take the Afghan Post, the "ultimate" in modern bus travel for this 199-mile journey from Peshawar, Pakistan, through the mountains to Kabul.

Our guide and protector is Shamuddin the Great, a swaggering, brash descendant of a famous line of mountain fighters. Shamuddin, sadly, is just a bus driver—but what a bus driver!

The journey (or ordeal) begins in the early morning dust and heat of a dirty back street bazaar in Peshawar, where the sparkling blue and white bus, the Afghan Post, is readied by anxious attendants for a departure supposedly set for 9 a.m.

Precisely at 10 a.m., Shamuddin the Great arrives, surrounded by a rag-tag crowd of awe-struck boys whose only wish is that they, too, can grow up to drive the Khyber.

"Ah, the great Shamuddin" is the look on all faces as he waves his arms with wonderful abandon, shouts and stamps his feet at baggage handlers strapping trunks to the bus roof. Then, the tantrum abruptly is over and it's "All Aboard."

We are 32 passengers—Moslem pilgrims returning from Mecca, fat Afghan ladies hidden behind black veils, Pathan tribesmen in huge turbans and flowing robes, a nervous Indian trader and an American.

Babies cry, everyone shouts, perspiration flows like rain and a thin coat of dust covers everything.

Precisely at 10:30 a.m., only one-and-a-half hours late, Shamuddin heads the Afghan Post out Peshawar City Gate.

No one questions his tardiness for in this part of the world people ask each other what day it is, not what is the time.

Into the shimmering heat of the day we go, past mud forts and ragged farmers scratching rocky patches of brown

soil, past a few touches of green watched over hungrily by starved goats.

Shamuddin finds his pace—a cracking 18.9 miles per hour—and begins to talk.

He waves one arm and sometimes two all the while. Drumfire replies of agreement, disagreement and elaboration come from the passengers.

Dust rises to choke and stifle. Hot winds sweep across the road. The sun beats down.

Two apparitions in the distance, distorted by heat waves, turn out to be donkey drivers tugging at one onery beast that refuses to budge from the center of the road.

Then the jolt: Shamuddin, deftly twisting the wheel, shaves the donkey as close as a donkey can be shaved and heads onward. Strange curses follow us.

Up, up we go, around the snaking turns of the Khyber Road as it climbs through the mountains.

Here, embedded in rock, is a plaque marking the death spot of a British regiment that 30 years ago fought the warlike tribesmen who still roam the pass.

Then another plaque, and another—the fantastic history of the Khyber Pass comes alive.

Here men have fought since history began struggling for a route to South Asia.

Back to reality as the Indian trader, wise in local ways walks up and down the aisle collecting one rupee (21 U.S. cents) from each traveler.

"It will make the police check easier," he explains.

And it does. A bored glance is all we draw from wilted policemen counting their rupee windfall and hoarding precious shade thrown by a ragged cloth cover rigged on a thorn bush.

But not even the Indian can always save the Afghan Post from policemen higher in the hills.

One checkpoint becomes an inquisition; luggage and passengers alike are about to be searched for contraband.

At this point, the principals retire to a nearby clump of bushes and crumpled, soiled rupee notes are exchanged for permission to move ahead.

It's easy to tell when the fix is in with customs inspectors in the Khyber. They don't open trunks anymore. They just give them knowing kicks. From now on, the Afghan Post draws just kicks.



As we move Westward, the road improves (courtesy of the U.S. Aid Program) and the Afghan Post (also courtesy of the U.S. Aid Program) picks up speed.

We whiz by one tribesman standing at the roadside. He wears the traditional white flowing robe, topped by an ROTC jacket. ("University of Nebraska" reads the shoulder patch.)

Soda pop signs begin appearing and it is clear we have reached Afghanistan, ancient landlocked kingdom and the recipient of a cool \$300 million in U.S. aid.

But in Afghanistan, not even the

United States can keep roads open and the Afghan Post must detour.

Now the road is rough beyond belief and the Afghan Post crawls ahead in darkness, jerking, bumping.

Tired babies howl louder. Afghan ladies mumble behind their veils. The Moslem pilgrims shout louder to be heard.

At last the lights of Kabul are sighted along a distant ridge. Joy overflows the Afghan Post. The journey is done.

And Shamuddin the Great, erudite envy of all, turns to his American passenger and shouts that well known Khyber Cry of victory:

"Happy Christmas!"

□



From The Statesman

NEW DELHI—Some foreigners living in Delhi, driven to desperation by the vagaries of red tape, were overheard telling each other: "Delhi must have derived its name from some word meaning delay."

NEW DELHI—The Indian Airlines Corporation proposes to start a second Caravelle service on the Bombay-Bangalore-Madras sector. Srinagar will also be connected with Delhi by Caravelle service next winter. This has been made possible by the addition of one more Caravelle to the IAC's present fleet of six.

CALCUTTA—The queue for bread in front of a Chowringhee bakery was growing longer every minute. So was another queue at a nearby cinema. Soon the tail ends of the two got mixed. People fought for their places in the queue for the matinee as viciously as those waiting to buy some bread. It started pouring with rain, but no one budged from his place in the queue.

BOMBAY—Silver badges in place of identity cards have been provided to the members of the Maharashtra legislature by the secretariat. The badges are of pure silver and weigh ten grammes. They cost Rs 17 each and are similar in size and shape to the old Queen Victoria one-rupee coin. On one side of the badge is an emblem of the Maharashtra State and the traditional Maharashtrian lamp. On the other side the name of the legislator and his term of tenure are carved. Similar badges are given to legislators in Australia and New Zealand. □

MADRAS—A puzzling phenomenon in Madras politics has been the appearance, over the past two years, of a blatantly Peking-oriented political group called the "Tamiland Red Flag Movement". The party has a claimed membership of 873 in the whole State (182 in Madras city itself). It has so far been ignored by the authorities as a harmless and eccentric group. The Red Flag movement's thesis is simple: Only those who believe in violent revolution are true Marxists. The party has painted both the Right and Left Communists with the same revisionist brush and accuses them of being tools of the so-called Soviet-American reactionary clique.

NEW DELHI—A sample survey on consumer expenditure has led to the conclusion that about 60% of the people in India have no knowledge whatsoever about the Five-Year Plans. A sample of about 3,500 households has been taken in both the developmental and non-developmental areas. Nearly 78% of the population in the developmental area is rural and in the non-developmental area 14% of the population is urban. A person in the developmental area spends less on cereals and pulses, more on milk, milk products and edible oils, spends more on sweetmeats, is better dressed and is more optimistic about the future. In any case the families in both areas feel that they have had no significant change in their income status since the last five years.

NEW DELHI—Telecommunication links between India and Pakistan, disrupted during the 1965 conflict, were resumed in November. Circuits were opened on the Lahore-Amritsar-New Delhi route; the Karachi-Jodhpur-Bombay-New Delhi route; the Dacca-Calcutta route and the Akhawara-Agartala route. The agreement to open, reached at Karachi, sought to restore and stabilize communications service between the two countries.



# Tales of CBI

BY CLYDE H. COWAN

Well nigh a quarter century of puddle and splash has run down the creek since we soothed our hunger with C.B.I. provender. Today a number of after-thoughts regarding this accepted method of nourishment cannot be cast aside. Included are a few memoirs, also in Wide Screen Natural Color, of various chow convocations, while globetrotting to and from that sub-continent of Beetle Nut and Baksheesh.

Forking out American hot dogs, from a boiling fifty gallon pot, while engulfed in a cloud of greasy vapor at the same time. Pass the Bismuth, as I canter over that session of K.P. aboard the Transport Gen. Mann, midway to North Africa. Canned turkey meat, munched under the full Moroccan Moon, at Camp Don Passage, near Casablanca. Sharp, wind-blown sand, showered on mashed spuds, of dehydrated fame. This tangy dish was potent abrasive compound for breaking in a set of shiny new Tru-Bites, at Camp Lion Mountain, on the Bluish Mediterranean, near Oran.

Boxed K rations and canned C rations consumed in our "40 & 8" railroad cars, as we raced toward Algiers. Climbing the gangplank to board Polish Liner "Soviet-ski" in that city of Charles Boyer and the Casbaugh.

My debut at being a chowhound, with Limey Grub, aboard that ship, seized by the British. Port Suez, and more quaint English entrees and appetizers from the galley of P & O Liner "Strathaird." Two exotic side dishes, on same boat, boiled codfish with raisin gravy, and tuna fish (allegedly sawdust mixed with codliver oil).

Bombay's Camp Colabo, where us Yanks gave our stomachs a rest, after previewing smorgasbord cooked by beetlenut-juice drooling Indian Chefs. After second day, blotter-dry roast mutton was o.k. if one did not run out of digestive juices. Green bananas, plunged into solution of potassium permanganate, to keep the goblins out of our veins and arteries.

Rail across India. One trainside supper: Canteen of warm water, used in boiling flesh of unknown genus. Flavor tasted like yesterday's dishwater, with most of the soap removed, then seasoned with essence of Tired Dairy Cow Concentrate. Gasoline-fired ranges and durable water buffalo rib steaks, at Camp Angus—on the Hoogly. Proving ground for in-

destructible dental hardware.

Hardtack and corned beef, with seconds for all, as we box-car up to Upper Assam. Mysterious flying saucers are airborne from our side-door pullman, as we bypass the ship's biscuit and focus our hunger on the tinned bully-beef. Observation: Lads in the back room of mess hall at 1333 Air Base Unit, best C ration cooks in army. Cornfritters at Line Mess, Chabua Air Strip.

Fabulous foodstuffs at Hostel No. 5, Kunming.

Hard fly, soft fly, or broil? Eggs thrice daily at Chungking, and poultry every Sabbath. Health bread, plastered with applebutter, a specialty at Kanchrapara, just 45 minutes from Crya Road or Hindustani Bldg. "Shrimp flied lice" at Billy's Cafe in Black Market Town, also known as Kunming. Putting on the Ritz at Firpo's, in Old Calcutta. Punching meal tickets on ocean jaunt from Land of Tea and Tiger to home of a Yankee and Dodger. Dark October morning with lights of Little Old Manhattan on horizon. Radio New York blaring out the news as we swallowed 4:30 a.m. breakfast.

Quart of fresh milk and fruit bars after lunging down gangplank to Uncle Sugar Able. Camp Kilmer, in Joisey, welcomed us home with a sirloin steak dinner. Goodby to army groceries at Camp Beale, California, just three years after learning which hand to salute with.

Final mystery: Losing Certificate of Discharge almost before ink was dry, then receiving it by mail six months later. The Frisco M.P.'s never told me where they found it! □

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HALTED after slipping off the monsoon-soaked Stilwell Road, at the 37 mile mark, is this 29-ton cab and trailer. US Signal Corps photo from Joseph L. Singleton.



TRUCKS are shown arriving with bridge sections to be used in making repairs to a flood-damaged bridge at mile 108 on the Stilwell Road, Burma. The bridge, approaches of which were washed out, is shown in background. US Army Signal Corps photo from Joseph L. Singleton.



# UNCLE SAM'S DREAM

There've been wars and fighting  
Ever since the world began;  
We will keep on fighting  
To keep invaders from our land.

From the Minute Men on  
To Merrill's Marauders, Marine Raiders along the way,  
The Army and the Air Force  
Fighting all the way.

Uncle Sam's Navy,  
God bless them, every man,  
All have fought for freedom  
To keep invaders from our land.

No more draft card burning;  
When you get the word  
You will fight for freedom  
Like the others you have heard.

When Uncle Sam calls you  
Don't let your hair grow long;  
Join the boys in fighting  
To keep America strong.

—Written by Richard C. Hills  
New Milford, Conn.



# CBI DATELINE

CALCUTTA—"Any old iron? Old papers, magazines, tins, bottles?" Thus shouts the "kabariwallah", clearing house for all old junk. The kabariwallah will buy them all, providing the housewife with some pin-money in the process. Old papers and magazines go for the rate prevalent on the market. Beer bottles vary in price with their colour—the darker bottles sell for less than the white; old whisky bottles fetch a better price, especially if they are of an imported brand. Metal items bring good money. The kabariwallah is a shrewd man and he knows where he can get a good bargain. He usually makes his calls when the menfolk are at work and the housewife is more amenable to a bargain. The kabariwallah must have a place to get rid of his loads quickly and the dumps are a sort of headquarters. Here there is not the chaos one might expect. Instead everything is methodically stacked and classified. Manufacturers of spurious cosmetics, soaps, cooking fats, etc., obtain their "original" containers here. Even the empty toothpaste tube has a market value.

BOMBAY—A suburban train of the Western Railway ran without a motorman for about half an hour until it was brought to halt by the guard applying the brake. The train, a Virar-Church Gate local, scheduled to stop at all the stations, passed non-stop through four suburban stations before it was stopped. The motorman of the train was found lying unconscious near a cabin which the train had sped past. He was rushed to a hospital for medical treatment but died on the way. The Western Railway authorities said that on investigation it was found that the lever, which had to be pressed down to keep the train going, was kept down by the weight of the attache case belonging to the deceased motorman.

NEW DELHI—The M. P. committee on education is understood to have recommended a compromise between the two-language and three-language formulae. It has held that it would be "desirable" that a child, before he passes high school, should have a working knowledge of both English and Hindi in addition to his mother tongue. Now it is suggested that a child learn his mother tongue during the first five years at school, any of the 14 national languages or English as the second language during the next

three years and English or Hindi during the last two years of high school. The committee has also recommended that the change-over from English to the regional language as the medium of instruction at the university should be accomplished within five years from next year.

CALCUTTA—A policeman on duty stopped a tram at a crossing and hauled off a gang of boys who were clinging precariously to the windows and the netting that guards the driver. This is the way passengers normally travel during rush hours. Only, this time it was afternoon, the tram was half-empty, and the boys were travelling dangerously just for the heck of it, in spite of the protests of the ticket collector and the sedate passenger. They got off meekly and were hustled into the car.

CALCUTTA—The West Bengal Government is considering a proposal to take over the Calcutta Tramways Company, according to a source close to the Cabinet. The Government may take over the company in 1972 or any time thereafter with two years notice. The agreement provides that if the Government takes over, the payment will have to be made in sterling. Instead of the Government taking over the company, it may through necessary legislation, take over its management only.

CALCUTTA—A 65-year-old patient was missing from his bed in the emergency ward of a hospital for over a week. His son discovered his absence when he went to visit him. Neither the nurse or the receptionist knew his whereabouts. The patient had suffered a paralytic stroke and it seemed unlikely that he moved out of the ward on his own.

CALCUTTA—The weekly rice quota has further been reduced in West Bengal's statutory rationing areas, including Greater Calcutta. The West Bengal Cabinet thought that the rice cut could not be compensated by a corresponding increase in the wheat quota, because such an increase would mean reduction of wheat supplies to districts where distress was very acute.

CALCUTTA—"A small party of men from outside Calcutta, accompanied by their wives, were looking for work. "Oh yes", said some helpful people, "we can find you work". The men were led off, and when they were out of sight two more people tried to snatch the women's bangles. The women shrieked. A crowd collected. One of the assailants was caught and badly beaten up before being handed over to the police. The second tried to run—and somebody put a match to his dhoti". Indian notebook.





**WE NEHRUS.** By Krishna Nehru. *Hutheesing with Alden Hatch.* Holt, Rinehart & Winston, New York, N.Y. September 1967. \$6.95.

An intimate, human picture of one of the world's most amazing political families. The author is Jawaharlal Nehru's youngest sister, the aunt of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, and an important Indian revolutionary in her own right.

**A-18.** By Thomas Taylor. *Crown Publishers, New York, N.Y. September 1967.* \$5.95.

A novel in which a lone U-2 high over North Vietnam picks up the message, "Ho Chi Minh has vanished!" Intelligence reports confirm that the government has been taken over by the Chinese and pro-Chinese officials who may be planning to invade South Vietnam. This calls for action, and a Special Forces team of 12 men is assigned to kidnap or assassinate these officials. It's an unconventional and controversial war novel.

**SEVEN HOURS TO ZERO.** By Joseph L. Marx. *G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, N.Y. August 1967.* \$5.95.

A thoroughly researched account of the making of the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima, the men who developed it, the selection, training and security restrictions of the crew that dropped it, and all the events of August 6, 1945. The book also follows the lives of all the men who were on the plane that day.

**THE INDIANIZED STATES OF SOUTHEAST ASIA.** By G. Coedes. *East-West Center Press, Honolulu, Hawaii.*

An English translation from the French. The author's life work has been the translation of those ancient chronicles, annals and inscriptions in which are told the remarkable story of India's expansion and influence beyond the Ganges during the period prior to A.D.

**INCREDIBLE VICTORY.** By Walter Lord. *Harper & Row, New York, N.Y. August 1967.* \$5.95.

This is a stirring description of the sea battle of Midway in June 1942, the turning point in the Pacific in World War II, in which an American force, not as strong but better informed and directed, destroyed a numerically greater Japanese invading force which was

aimed at the Midway islands. The fortunes of many individual men, American and Japanese, are followed through the battle. The author gives special credit to the American intelligence at Pearl Harbor, which figured out what was coming, from the Japanese repetition in coded messages of a key word.

**ASIAN DIARY.** By Charlotte Y. Salisbury. *Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, N.Y. January 1968.* \$4.95.

This is the personal record of the author's journey with her husband, Harrison Salisbury of the New York Times, to the Far East in 1966. They visited Hong Kong, Cambodia, Thailand, Burma, India, Sikkim, Mongolia, Siberia and Japan. Her descriptions are colorful and she writes with charm of her experiences, as a woman seeing Asia for the first time. Underlying theme of the book, however, is her opposition to the war in Vietnam and the United States' role in it... she seems to see only one side and is "depressed" about her own country.

**CHINA: The Roots of Madness.** By Theodore H. White. *W. W. Norton & Co., New York, N. Y. January 1968.* \$4.95.

CBIers may remember the author as a war correspondent who was in China during World War II. He actually lived in China for seven years and knew many of the men now in control there. This book is a greatly expanded version of the TV Emmy Award winning documentary written by Mr. White, and includes numerous photographs. In this book he tells the story of China from the despotism of the Manchu Emperors and the days of the Boxer Rebellion down to present-day Communism and Mao.

**THE PEPPER GARDEN.** By John Slimming. *J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa. January 1968.* \$5.95.

A novel laid in the jungles and mountains of Malaya and Sarawak at the time of the Japanese invasion and the later Chinese Communist terrorism. The main theme is the love of Peter Rodway for a half-Chinese, half-Dutch girl.

**SINGAPORE: The Battle That Changed the World.** By James Leasor. *Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N. Y. January 1968.* \$5.95.

An analysis of the causes, action and efforts of the fall of Singapore in 1942 which the author, a British journalist, terms the point that marks the end of white supremacy in the Far East. Leasor is sharply critical of London in failing to prepare either her people or her defenses properly in the East. He laments the values of British rule that were lost too suddenly in her Empire, leaving political vacuums in one country after another.





HOG RAISER in India is shown with some of the best porkers in the lot. Photo by J. L. Rosenfeld.

#### Wing Commander

● An Air Force colonel who flew more than 500 combat hours in the CBI Theater during World War II was named recently as commander of the 7th Bomb Wing at Carswell Air Force Base, Fort Worth, Tex. Col. Ralph Holland took command of the bomb wing from retiring Col. Dan Bailey, commander since 1963. Holland came to Carswell from Guam, where he was deputy commander of the 3rd Air Division at Anderson Air Force Base. He was a bomber pilot during World War II.  
(From a newspaper clipping sent in by William A. Cross, Houston, Tex.)

#### Clarence D. Sheffield

Clarence Douglas Sheffield, 54, of Houston, Tex., an employee of Southwestern Bell Telephone Company for 31 years, died in September 1967 while on a fishing vacation near Lufkin. A 1936 graduate of Texas A&M University, Sheffield was a retired colonel in the U.S. Army Reserve. He had received the Bronze Star Medal during service in Burma in

World War II. Survivors include his wife, a son, a daughter, his mother and five sisters.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by William A. Cross, Houston, Tex.)

#### Empress of Scotland

● North German Lloyd-German Atlantic Line now advertises "Carefree Caribbean cruises" from Port Everglades, Fla., to the West Indies and South America aboard the TS Hanseatic, "one of the most luxurious ocean liners afloat." The fully-airconditioned Hanseatic has 10 decks, three swimming pools, a large theater, several orchestras and dance floors—plus many other exclusive features. This is the former Empress of Scotland which took thousands of us to India.

PERRY SCHWARTZ,  
Southfield, Mich.

*An interesting sidelight is the fact that this ship, built in 1930 in Glasgow, Scotland, was operated prior to World War II by the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. under the name, "Empress of Japan." Apparently there was good reason to change the name! Ed.*



PONY cart and Indian driver wait for a passenger. Photo by James Latta, Jr.

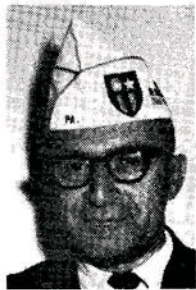


## Commander's Message

by

**Alfred Frankel**

National Commander  
China-Burma-India  
Veterans Assn.



It was my privilege to make a presentation to an outgoing Commander of a local Veterans group the other evening. It was an excellent opportunity for the assemblage to see my CBI cap. Many of the members came to me after the meeting to inform me that they hadn't known of our existence. Be sure to wear your cap, and use that CBI decal on your car.

The response to our quest for new members is encouraging. Inquiries have come from many parts of the country. Even in cities with old established bashas, there are many CBIers who are completely unaware of us. Spread the word, and we'll reach the untapped wealth of CBI people who are all around us.

I received a letter from Colonel Earl Cullum who recently returned to Dallas, Texas after a long absence. He was disappointed to find there was no Basha in this area. Some of our members are currently laying the groundwork for the establishment of a new basha in Dallas-Ft. Worth area.

In a recent column, I neglected to mention that Les Brown, the prominent orchestra leader, was the guest of honor at the annual Veteran's Day dinner held in Philadelphia sponsored by the United Veterans Council. Mr. Brown was given an award of appreciation for his many years of interest and entertaining of servicemen, particularly overseas during Christmas holidays. He and his orchestra have accompanied Bob Hope on these journeys for over sixteen years. A real fine gentlemen and native Pennsylvanian.

*This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup or vice versa.—Ed.*

We have been invited to Youngstown, Ohio to attend their January 20th installation dinner meeting. I'm looking forward to seeing our many friends of the Mahoning Valley basha. A full report will be given in my report next month.

The General Sliney Basha has extended an invitation to visit with them during the Chinese New Year festivities. It is my understanding that what was the parade route is pretty much of a shambles, due to construction. As a result of this much of the parade has been curtailed. Due to personal commitments, I regretfully had to refuse this kind invitation. Perhaps I can get to S. F. before my term of office ends. I'll try for June.

Ours is a most unique organization; many of us belong only because we have something in common with each other . . . we had dhobi itch, or drank chlorinated water, or warm beer, or knew that Dum Dum wasn't a bullet, the Black Hole of Calcutta wasn't a hole, that Uncle Joe was one of our favorite people. Just in case you think I've suddenly started to reminisce, you are partly correct. I treasure these memories, and like to discuss the old CBI days with you guys and gals when we break out a keg of nails. Also I am just selfish enough to want to keep it this way, and not have outsiders in our organization. It has come to my attention that veterans of other Theatres of War, would like to join our group. Our Constitution and By-Laws clearly state who is eligible for membership. I trust that we will abide by our Constitution and admit only those who have the right to belong.

While on the subject of By-Laws, it might serve as a reminder that we also are not politically motivated. There are those who would involve us in matters that do not concern our organization.

Some of our people have been on the sick list recently. It has come to my attention that Jane Holstein and Eddie Stipes were hospitalized for a spell. Get well you guys, we want to see you up and about.

Well, we made it back from the ski slopes last week, the old man couldn't get up enough nerve to even try on a ski boot. I was kept busy running the kids back and forth, so decided to stick to my chauffeuring. Next time?

**Be Sure to Notify Roundup**

**When You Change Your Address.**





CURVES in the roof of a building at Kunming, China, offer an interesting contrast to the straight brick wall below. Photo by J. L. Rosenfeld.

#### Times Does Fly

● How time flies? Just doesn't seem possible that 23 years ago, along with a few other servicemen, I spent Christmas at Misamari, India. Enjoy our magazine very much.

ERNEST LOEB,  
Oronofino, Idaho

#### 7th Bomb Group

● A reunion of the 7th Bomb Group (H) will be held June 25, 26 and 27 at Glacier National Park. The Chamber of Commerce of Kalispell, Mont., wants us to headquarter at their fair city on the southwest corner of the park. Those desiring information as to motel and camping accommodations may write Chamber of Commerce, Attn. Mr. J. Clark Mason, North 1 Mainstreet, Box 178, Kalispell, Mont. 59901. Additional information may be obtained from the undersigned.

RICHARD E. YOUNG,  
19015—168th N.E.,  
Woodinville, Wash. 98072

#### Has Fast Mustang

● William Fiore, 41-year-old Whitehall, Pa., excavat-

ing contractor, has a Mustang that will go more than 500 m.p.h. "down hill." He never drives it that fast—at that speed, the wings just might come off. Fiore's Mustang is a World War II P-51D fighter plane, stripped of its machine guns and armor for civilian use. He bought it a year ago from a Texas oil man. "Flying is a hobby of mine," he explained. "I got the fighter bug when I was with the 14th Air Force in China in 1944. I

used to watch those planes take off and land and I told myself, 'one of these days I'm going to have one.'

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by Henry A. Piorkowski, Donora, Pa.)

#### Cover to Cover

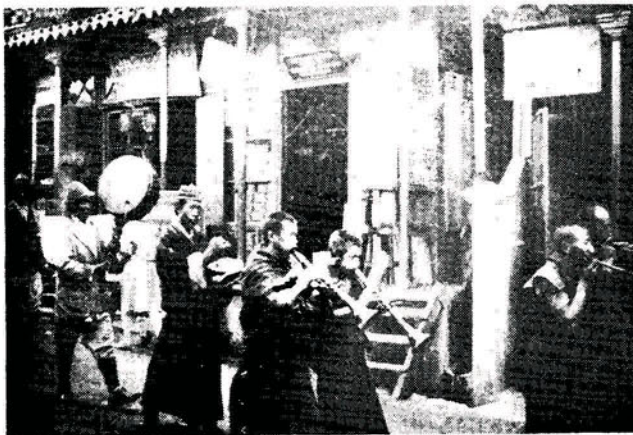
● Hope you can keep up the Roundup for us readers: I like to receive it, and read it from cover to cover. There are so many CBers who don't know about the magazine, and it is too bad they don't. The \$4 shouldn't be too much for any of them, as many of us throw away that much on foolish things. One fifth of booze will pay for it, and they have more out of the magazine than the booze!

HERMAN A. VESTING,  
"Tripoli", Iowa

#### Memory Tickler

● Every year I think I will write something, but just never seem to have done so. Keep up the pleasant memory tickler of better than two years in Y-Force, APO 627, somewhere in China (Kunming). I sincerely hope you are able to keep Ex-CBI Roundup as interesting as it is.

W. T. COSBY,  
Hattiesburg, Miss.

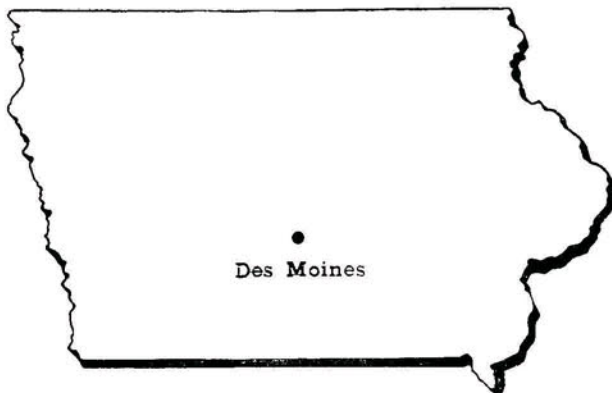


PARADE of Himalayan people at Darjeeling, India, using their own type of musical instruments. Photo by Stan Paszkewicz.



**IOWA INVITES YOU**

**FOR '68 . . .**



**MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT THE  
21st ANNUAL CBI REUNION  
to be held at Hotel Savery in  
Des Moines, Iowa  
AUGUST 7-8-9-10, 1968**